

*Kent.* I know you: Where's the King?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretfull Elements;  
Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea,  
Or swell the curled Waters 'bout the Maine,  
That things might change, or cease.

*Kent.* But who is with him?

*Gent.* None but the Foole, who labours to out-iest  
His heart-strooke iniuries.

*Kent.* Sir, I do know you,  
And dare vpon the warrant of my note  
Commend a deere thing to you. There is diuision  
(Although as yet the face of it is couer'd  
With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall:  
Who haue, as who haue not, that their great Starres  
Thron'd and set high; Seruants, who seeme no lesse,  
Which are to France the Spies and Speculations  
Intelligent of our State. What hath bin scene,  
Either in snuffes, and packings of the Dukes,  
Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne  
Against the old kinde King; or something deeper,  
Whereof (perchance) these are but furnishings.

*Gent.* I will talke further with you.

*Kent.* No, do not:  
For confirmation that I am much more  
Then my out-wall; open this Purse, and take  
What it contains. If you shall see *Cordelia*,  
(As feare not but you shall) shew her this Ring,  
And she will tell you who that Fellow is  
That yet you do not know. Fye on this Storme,  
I will go seeke the King.

*Gent.* Giue me your hand,  
Haue you no more to say?

*Kent.* Few words, but to effect more then all yet;  
That when we haue found the King, in which your pain  
That way, Ile this: He that first lights on him,  
Holla the other. *Exeunt.*

## Scena Secunda.

*Storme still.* *Enter Lear, and Foole.*

*Lear.* Blow windes, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow  
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,  
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cackes.  
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,  
Vaunt-curriers of Oake-cleaving Thunder-bolts,  
Singe my white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,  
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th' world,  
Cracke Nature's moulds, all germaines spill at once  
That makes ingratefull Man.

*Foole.* O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry house, is  
better then this Rain-water out o'doore. Good Nunkle,  
in, aske thy Daughters blessing, heere's a night pitties  
neither Wifemen, nor Fooles.

*Lear.* Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowt Raine:  
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;  
I tax not you, you Elements with vnkindnesse;  
I neuer gave you Kingdome, call'd you Children;  
You owe me no subseription. Then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slaue,  
A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:  
But yet I call you Scitile Ministers,  
That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne  
Your high-engender'd Battailles, gainst a head

So old, and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foule.

*Foole.* He that has a house to put's head in, has a good  
Head-peece:

The Codpiece that will house, before the head has any;  
The Head, and he shall Lowse: so Beggars marry many;  
The man y makes his Toe, what he his Hart thold make,  
Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake.  
For there was neuer yet faire woman, but shee made  
mouthes in a glasse.

*Enter Kent.*

*Lear.* No, I will be the patterne of all patience,  
I will say nothing.

*Kent.* Who's there?

*Foole.* Marry here's Grace, and a Codpiece, that's a  
Wifeman, and a Foole.

*Kent.* Alas Sir are you here? Things that loue night,  
Loue not such nights as these: The wrathfull Skies  
Gallow the very wanderers of the darke  
And make them keepe their Caves: Since I was man,  
Such sheets of Fire, such bursts of horrid Thunder,  
Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I neuer  
Remember to haue heard. Mans Nature cannot carry  
Th'affliction, nor the feare.

*Lear.* Let the great Goddes  
That keepe this dreadfull padder o're our heads,  
Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,  
That hast within thee vndiuided Crimes  
Vnwhipt of Iustice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand;  
Thou Perur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue  
That art Incestuous. Caytiffe, to peeces shake  
That vnder couert, and conuenient seeming  
Ha's practis'd on mans life. Close pent-up guilts,  
Rine your concealing Continentes, and cry  
These dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,  
More sinn'd against, then sinning.

*Kent.* Alacke, bare-headed?  
Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell,  
Some friendship will it lend you gainst the Tempest:  
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,  
(More harder then the stones whereof 'tis rais'd,  
Which euen but now, demanding after you,  
Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force  
Their scantid curtisie.

*Lear.* My wits begin to turne.  
Come on my boy. How dost my boy? Art cold?  
I am cold my selfe. Where is this straw, my Fellow?  
The Art of our Necessities is strange,  
And can make vnde things precious. Come, your Houel;  
Poore Foole, and Knaue, I haue one part in my heart  
That's sorry yet for thee.

*Foole.* He that has and a little-tyne wit,  
With heigh-lio, the Winde and the Raine,  
Must make content with his Fortunes sit,  
Though the Raine it raineth euer day.

*Le.* True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell. *Exit.*

*Foole.* This is a braue night to coole a Curtizan:  
He speake a Prophecie ere I go:  
When Priests are more in word, then matter;  
When Brewers marre their Malt with water;  
When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,  
No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors;  
When euery Case in Law, is right;  
No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;  
When Slanders do not liue in Tongues;  
Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs;  
When Flurers tell their Gold i'th' Field,

And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,  
Then shal the Realme of Albion, come to great confusion:  
Then comes the time, who hies to see't,  
That going shalbe vs'd with feet. *(time.)*  
This prophecie *Merlin* shall make, for I lue before his  
*Exit.*

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Gloucester, and Edmund.*

*Glo.* Alacke, alacke *Edmund*, I like not this vnnaturall  
dealing; when I desired their leave that I might pity him,  
they tooke from me the vse of mine owne houle, charg'd  
me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake  
of him, entreat for him, or any way sustaine him.

*Bast.* Most savage and vnnaturall.  
*Glo.* Go too; say you nothing: There is diuision be-  
twene the Dukes, and a worse matter then that: I haue  
receiued a Letter this night, 'tis dangerous to be spoken,  
I haue lock'd the Letter in my Coffer, these iniuries the  
King now beares, will be reuenged home; ther is part of  
a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I  
will looke him, and priuily relieue him; goe you and  
maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of  
him perceiued; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to  
bed, if I die for it, (as no lesse is threatned me) the King  
my old Master must be relieued. There is strange things  
toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull. *Exit.*

*Bast.* This Curtisie forbid thee, shall the Duke  
Instantly know, and of that Letter too;  
This seemes a faire deseruing, and must draw me  
That which my Father looses no lesse then all,  
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. *Exit.*

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.*

*Kent.* Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,  
The tirany of the open night's too rough  
For Nature to endure. *Storme still*

*Lear.* Let me alone.

*Kent.* Good my Lord enter heere.

*Lear.* Wilt breake my heart?

*Kent.* I had rather breake mine owne,

Good my Lord enter.

*Lear.* Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious  
Inuades vs to the skin: 'tis to thee,  
But where the greater malady is fixt,  
The lesse is scarce felt. Thou'lt shun a Beare,  
But if they flighe say toward the roaring Sea,  
Thou'lt meete the Beare i'th' mouth, when the mind's  
The bodies delicate: the tempest in my mind,  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,  
Sawe what beates there, Filliall ingratitude,  
Is it not as this mouth should teare this hand?  
For lifting food too't: But I will punish home;  
No, I will weepe no more; in such a night,

To shut me out? Pour  
In such a night as this?  
Your old kind Father, v  
O that way madnesse lie  
No more of that.

*Kent.* Good my Lord

*Lear.* Prythee go in

This tempest will not g

On things would hurt

In Boy, go first. You h

Nay get thee in, Ile pra

Poore naked wretches,

That bide the pelting o

How shall your House

Your lop'd, and windo

From seasons such as th

Too little care of this:

Expose thy selfe to feel

That thou must shake'st

And shew the Heauens

*Enter*

*Edg.* Fathom, and ha

*Foole.* Come not in

me, helpe me.

*Kent.* Giue me thy

*Foole.* A spirit, a sh

*Tom.*

*Kent.* What art th

straw? Come forth.

*Edg.* Away, the fou

sharpe Hawthorne blow

bed and warme ther.

*Lear.* Did'st thou g

thou come to this?

*Edgar.* Who giues

the foule fiend hath led

through sword, and W

noire, that hath laid Kn

in his Pae, set Rats-ba

Proud of heart, to ride

meht Bridges, to cour

Blisse thy fige Wits, T

blisse thee from Whirle

king, do poore *Tom* son

vexes. There could I

ag as ne, and there.

*Lear.* Ha's his Daug

Could'st thou saue not

*Foole.* Nay, he refer

sham'd.

*Lear.* Now all the pl

Hang fated o're mens f

*Kent.* He hath no D

*Lear.* Death Trai

To such a lownesse, bu

Is it the fashion, that di

Should haue thus little

Iudicious punishmeat,

Those Pelicane Daugh

*Edg.* Pillicock sat on

*Foole.* This cold nig

Madmen.

*Edgar.* Take heed

rents, keepe thy words